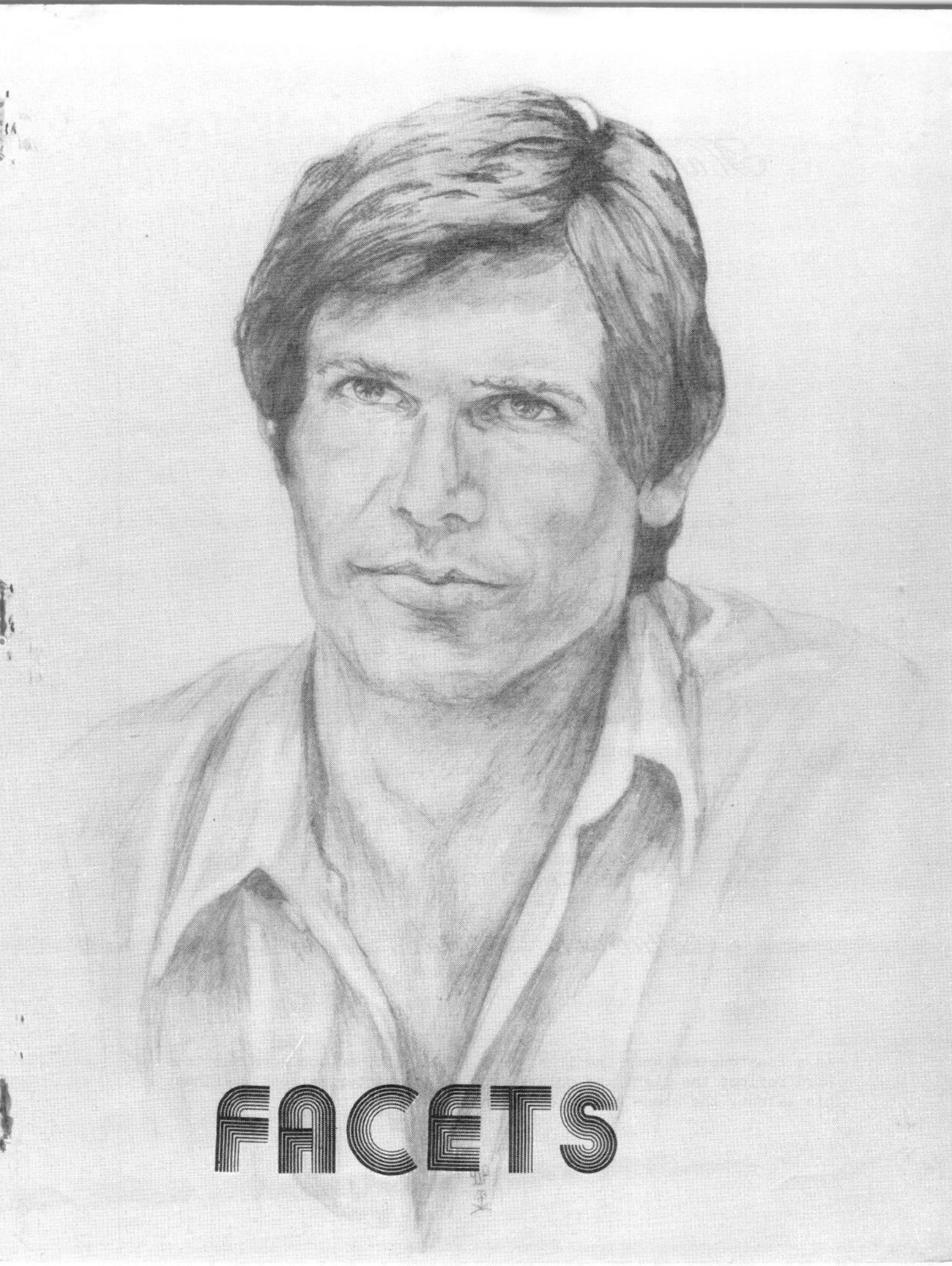
FACETS

Hanover Press PRESENTS

FACETS

A Texas boy, gone to war,
A bullet stopping his young life ....

A white-hatted drag racer,
Proud of himself, proud of his car .....

A smuggler, cocky and snide,
Unwitting rebel, reluctant hero ....

A war veteran, never really home,
Scarred not in body, but in his soul ....

An Army commando, capable, abrasive,
Facing treachery, heroism, and near-failure ....

A bomber pilot, skilled and brave,
New to love, and fearing to die ....

Facets ... of a man ...
Of his craft ... of his talent ....

DEDICATED TO

Harrison Ford

As a gemstone reflects the light from its facets, so too does Harrison Ford reflect the light and colors from his characterizations. Without his talent, the stone would remain uncut.

FACETS

FACETS 1 is available from Jane Firmstone and Kelly Hill, 1297 Concord Pl., Apt. 2B, Kalamazoo, Mich. 49009.

Cover Price: 60¢
First Class: 75¢

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Front Cover: Susan W. Perry
Back Cover: Kelly Hill

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EDITORIALS

JANE--

Well, here it is folks, the zine you've been ~~moaning~~ asking us to get around to doing for the past eight months. We had originally intended to start a fan club for Mr. Ford, but due to his overwelming lack of interest (are you out there anywhere HF?) and the fact that I talked to Louise Stange (the President of Lenord Nimoy's fan club) and discovered that she has 5,000 memebers and gets 50 letters a day(!), we decided that a zine was quite enough to attempt.

The first issue of a zine is always the hardest one to put out, especially if it is your first attempt. You can only learn by your mistakes -- all ten thousand of them -- and the experience is enriching, if not outright expensive. It gives you an unparalleled opportunity to make an ass out of yourself, but it also is a terrific way of making friends.

We've had inquiries from as far away as Germany and New Zealand and we've had phone calls from New York and L.A. We're receiving stunning pieces of art and some very good writing. It's gotten so that if I don't find a letter in the mailbox I feel positively deprived.

Although Kelly has done most of the thank yous I'd like to say a special thanks to Paulie Gilmore for rushing us a nice portrait that didn't even make it into this ish and for not screaming when I change my mind about what she is to do for the cover of issue 2 after she already had it planned. Martynn has been wonderful about taking late night phone calls with cries of "Do us a Barnsby, please!" and "Can't you do us just a little something?" The results are the Barnsby illo on page 8 and the Han haiku on page 7. Wonder what this girl could do if we gave her some time?

You will be seeing more of Susan Perry's stunning art work both on our covers and as a foldout in ish 3. We do hope to receive lots more art for the next few issues (artists consider this a hint) and we're also looking for a lot more great writing (authors definately consider this a hint!).

What we hope to do with our own writing is to entertain and stimulate. We want to know what you thought of FORCE TEN, or HEROES, or STAR WARS, or HANOVER STREET. What did you think of the acting, directing, photography, or writing. What do you think of the rumor that Han will not survive bounty hunter Bobba Fett in the SW sequel? Will killing Han sound a death knell for SW fandom, or do you think that fan writers will simply ignore Lucas and keep Han alive and healthy? We're dying to hear from you. As a matter of fact, this zine may die if we don't. And that is a hint for everyone, bubbie.

KELLY--

How does an editor write the first editorial? I'm new at this game, so excuse me if I'm a little long-winded. To begin this zine with the beginning of the zine, if I may be allowed to paraphrase Dickens, it all started something like this:

Jane and I knew that sooner or later we'd have to edit our own zine, but the question was, what kind of zine? I'm still a neofen where Star Trek is concerned, though Jane is a old pro, and I hadn't even started reading sci-fi till a year or so before. There were already a plethora of zines out, some hundred - odd at last count, that we knew there was no way to compete.

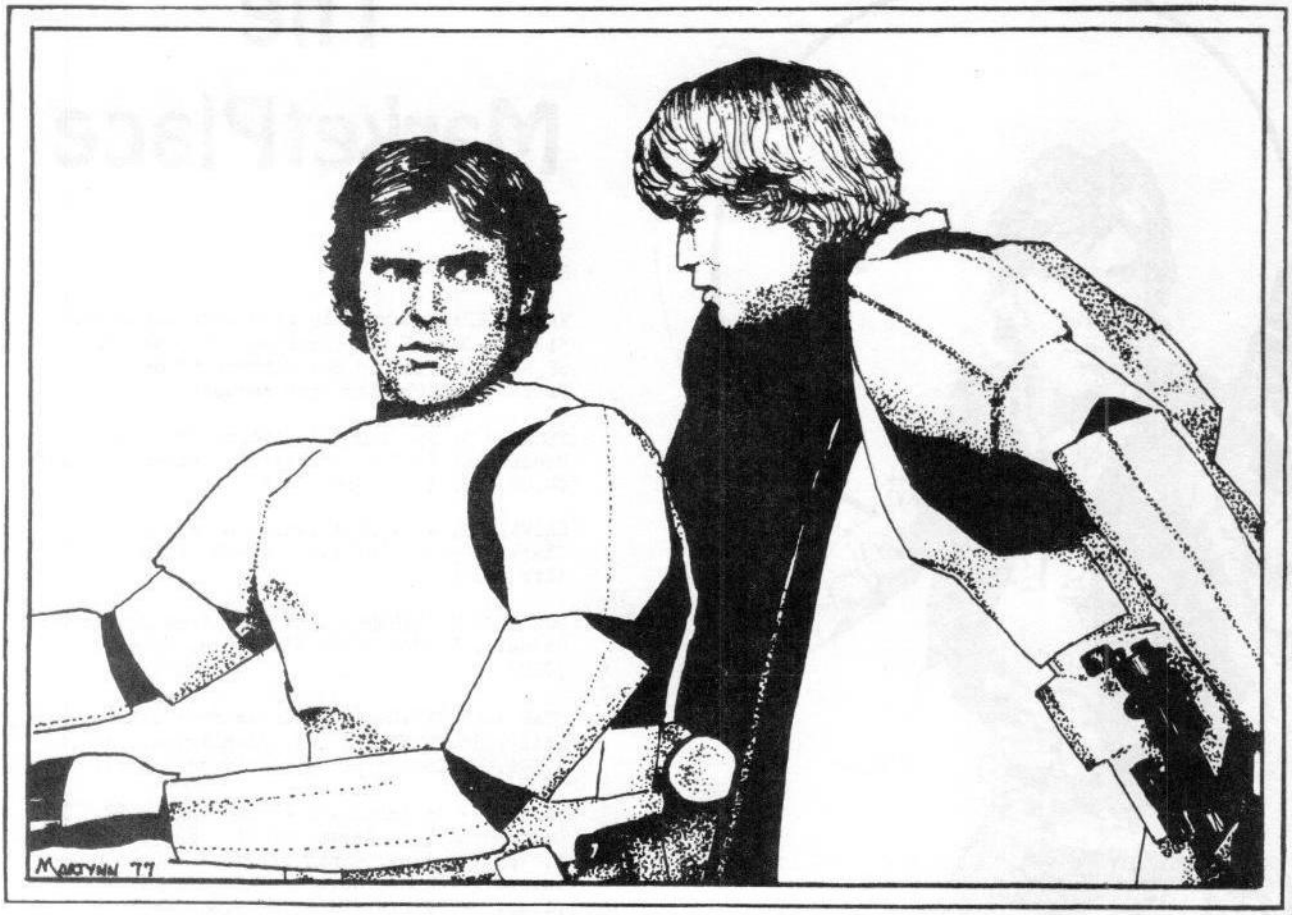
Four months ago we conceived the idea for this project as it stands. It was frustrating, sometimes discouraging, but ultimately worthwhile. It brought us new friends, taught us things about zine editing we didn't know (and occasionally were very sorry we asked), and gave us an absorbing, if time-consuming, project to work on.

There are always a lot of people to thank the first time out. First thanks go to Lori Chapek-Carleton, who gave us most of the information we needed for layout and graphics. Also thanks to Judi Hendricks, Janice Sidwell, Bev Clark, and all the other zine editors we contacted who came through with advice and publicity. Thanks go also to those folks who contributed to this issue, especially Susan Perry for her lovely front cover, Martynn for her assorted artwork, and for working a rush deadline in the name of friendship and fandom, Paulie Gilmore for her assorted goodies, Elyse Dickenson for the synopsis of "The Possessed", and Pat Carpenter for the fabulous filk (as a semi-composer myself, I'm green with envy). We couldn't have made it without you, gals. And a very special thank you to Renee Marsden, for her help and patience while we bombarded her with questions.

And of course, thanks to Harrison Ford, without whom this zine would not be.

The end result of our efforts is now in your hands for good or ill. Advice, comments, and critisisms are all welcomed. We hope you enjoy.

"Your fly's open."



DO YOU HAVE A FUNNIER CAPTION FOR THIS CARTOON?

If you do we'd love to see it. We'll print the best one and award a copy of FACETS to the author. This is going to be an ongoing contest, so let us hear from you!

We thought that in our first issue we should set up the editorial policy and later refresh people's memories as is needed. Issue prices will probably fluctuate for the first few issues until we get all our costs figured out. Unlike most zines we have to shell out extra for photo screening (at $3 to $6 per photo) and this will probably drive up the price higher than would be usual for a zine of this size. We hope to have subscription rates avalible shortly, so stick with us.

Contributers are eagerly sought as are letters. All contributions rate a free zine and for every three published letters the scribe will receive a fourth zine free. We are looking for; poetry dealing with any character that HF has portrayed, vignettes, prefferable two pages or under, tho we are willing to make exceptions, cartoons, reviews of movies or performances, articles and artwork. We are willing to print almost anything (keep it G or PG please) as long as you use pen and not lightsabre. We will print a bad review, but we will not print a nasty one. We leave that sort of thing to Rex Reed and Judith Crist. Nor will we print gossip. Any news we receive of HF's doings will be throughly checked and confirmed before we print it. Not having any wish (or right) to infringe on the man's privacy, we will not print how you peeked in his window, or followed his car as he went someplace. Such letters will be returned summarily along with a few choice words.

Art work will be delt with as though it were our own. Since we work mostly from xeroxes we can accept a good clear, dark xerox of any piece you wish to submit. If it is too large to xerox and you can't find a reducing xerox anywhere, we will cover the original with a piece of clear plastic before taking it to the printer. UPS seems to be the best way to send artwork, since it doesn't appear to loose parcels nearly as often as the post awful and is usually cheaper. We would love to run fantasy artwork and have started with Martynn's wonderful "Fine Corellian Pirate". We're hoping it inspires someone out there to greatness.

Since we are a small zine with a limited audience we have decided to automatically give reprint rights to any and all material that is submitted. There is no need to notify us when you reprint elsewhere.

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The MarketPlace

FANZINES

WARPED SPACE, avalible from Lori Carleton, 5132 Jo-Don Dr., E. Lansing, MI., 48823. SF,ST & SW (ish 28 on) Current issue #40. Price & avalibility upon request.

PEGASUS 3, Special SW edition, from Judi Hendricks, 6327 N. Francisco, Chicago, ILL., $4.80 1st, $4.20 3rd class.

SKYWALKER, a SW zine avalible from Bev Clark, 1950 Cooley Ave., #5306, Palo Alto Calif.

MOS EISLEY TRIBUNE, a SW zine from Janice Sidwell, PO Box 4093, Nashville, Tenn., 37204.

STAR WARS SHOWCASE, avalible from Sharon Emily, Route 2, Box 100, Washington, Ind., 47501. ((Concentrates mostly on Vader))

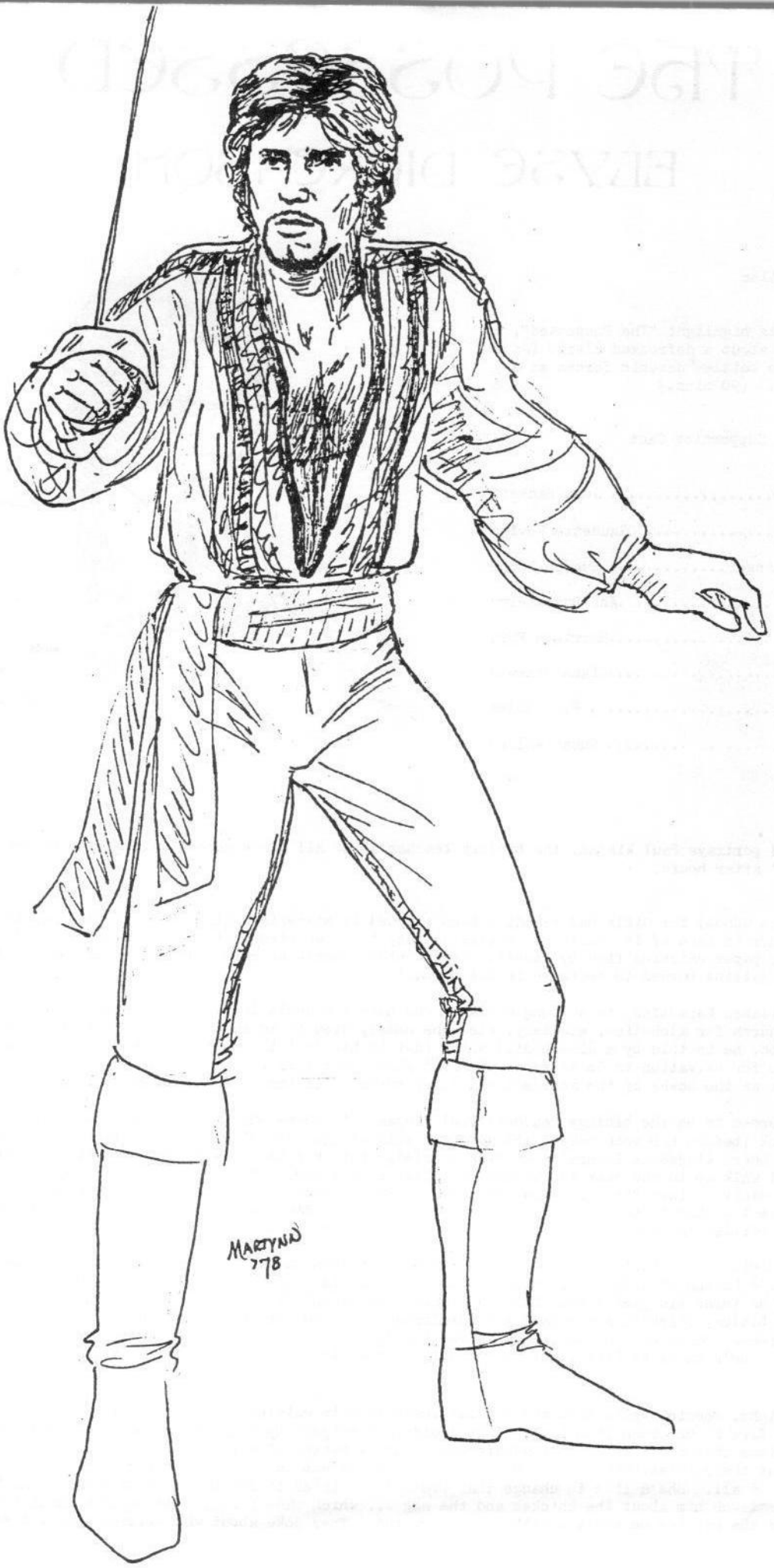
WANTED -- anything and everything on HF. Leonard May, Am Gerstkamp 21, 4630 Bochum 1, West Germany, wants original photos, interview tapes, movie stills and clippings. Will respond with German SW/Ford material ((he's got good stuff!))

PHOTOS: Elyse Dickenson, 43 Topfield Rd., Wilton, Conn., 06897, has HF pics taken off the TV screen from all his interviews. The quality is excellent. 35mm are $1 per. Send SASE for postage costs and descriptions. ((highly recommended))

PHOTOS: Carol Miller, 20395 Silverado Ave., Cupertino, CA., 95014. Pics of HF taken off TV, some SW shots from screen, Galactica & Prowse personal appearance photos. 3x3 are $1 each, or 13 for $10. Slides or 35mm are $2 or 8 for $10. 5x7 $3, 8x10 $6. No checks. Cash, or money order ((recommended)) only. ((the quality of the TV pics we saw was mediocre, but the Prowse pix are excellent))

STATIONARY: Paulie Gilmore, 7216 A.N. Rogers, Chicago, Ill., 60645. 8½x11 stationary ((design shown at left)) beige or white, 20 pages for $1.75. Note cards ((design lower right LoC column)) 5 colors with matching envelopes, 10 for $2. Will do custom work, prices upon request.

((As with any fan correspondence please enclose a Self Addressed Stamped Envelope when inquiring about a product -- the eds))


MARTYNN
'78

THE POSSESSED

ELYSE DICKENSON

MOVIE -- Thriller

Special effects highlight "The Possessed", a 1977 TV movie about a defrocked cleric (James Farentino) who battles demonic forces at a girls' school. (90 mins.)

Supporting Cast

Louise Gelson..... Joan Hackett

Ellen Sumner..... Claudette Nevins

Sergeant Taplinger.....Eugene Roche

Weezie.....Ann Dusenberry

Paul Winjam.....Harrison Ford

Lane.....Diana Scarwid

Marty..... P.J. Soles

Sandy..... Susan Walden

Harrison Ford portrays Paul Winjam, the biology teacher at an all girls school, who gladly offers to help the girls 'study' after hours.

The Helen Page School for Girls has recently been plagued by misterious fires. Louise Gelson, the head mistress, isn't sure what to make of it, while her sister, Ellen, is so worried that she seeks outside help. After all -- typewriter paper catching fire by itself, her daughter, Weezie's, room nearly burning down, and a student, Lane, nearly getting burned to death -- is not normal!

Kevin Layhe (James Farentino) is a young minister who hasn't a whole lot going for him. After being kicked out of his church for alcholism, adultery, etc., he nearly dies in an auto accident (actually does). In a state of limbo, he is told by a disembodied voice that he has lost the faith, has fallen from grace, and that his only hope for salvation is to seek out evil and fight that evil by whatever means possible. He is revived by paramedics at the scene of the accident and later turns up at the Helen Page School.

Soon Layhe zeroes in on the biology teacher, Paul Winjam. It comes out that Weezie, who was out of her room after bedcheck (before her room caught ablaze), was with Winjam 'studying' for a biology exam. Layhe walks into a class where Winjam is literally scaring knowledge into his students by offering five dollars to any girl who will walk up to the desk and release a spider from a jar. It's only a rubber spider but no one accepts. He cautions them first to know what they're being scared of. He enjoys his different teaching methods, believing them to be quite effective. After class is dismissed, Layhe approaches and asks Winjam some utterly perplexing questions, which leave the poor teacher in a state of confusion after Layhe wanders off.

Winjam then drops in on Weezie's aunt, Louise Gelson, with whom he had an affair not that long ago. Right at the moment he's having an affair with Weezie. Louise tells Paul all about the fires -- he only knew about the one in which he threw his jacket over Lane, a student who caught fire mysteriously during graduation. He remarks that biology teachers are hopelessly uninformed. Louise brings up the subject of his leaving the school for greener pastures. Seems Winjam is leaving due to 'too many memories of the back room of the biology lab'. He's ready to leave, but Louise still wants him, even though their affair is over and done with.

Later that night, Weezie sneaks into the bio lab where Paul is waiting for her. He asks her why he had to learn of the fire in her room from Layhe. She avoids her subject by calling him pet names and seducing him. He then mentions that she's going to graduate soon, only a matter of days, and that he made no promises whatever about their relationship -- after all, she told him not to. He is not about to get involved in any relationship at all. She'd like to change that promise and tries to convince him to come to the back room, where she'll "teach him about the chicken and the egg ... which came first." He remarks about her stealing his lines and she replies he stole something of hers too. They joke about who seduced whom and decide it was

a tie. Then Weezie gets serious and wonders why he's leaving -- is it because of Louise? He replies that maybe it is because of Louise, but then it might be because of Weezie. She gets upset, doesn't like his casual attitude about their relationship since she's beginning to love him. She screams that she hates him and leaves the room, violently slamming the door behind her. Paul hadn't ment to offend her and he calls out for her to come back. Suddenly his pant leg catches fire for no reason. He tries swatting it out, but then his coat sleeve becomes alive with flame.

Weezie comes back to apologize, but instead sees her lovr being engulfed in flames. She tries the door, but it won't open (just like the door to her room wouldn't open when the curtains caught fire.) Her screams bring Layhe (what was he doing there at that time of night ...) running down the corridor to where she is pounding frantically on the door. He is easily able to open the door, but poor Paul is now totally ablaze, a human torch, and dies from the fire.

It turns out that the evil that has been plaguing the school was using Louise as its tool, which in a way explains the victims of the fire -- all were related to her in some way. Her behavior becomes erratic and mysterious toward the end, when the school seems to become full of smoke, again for no good reason. She leads all the students down to the swimming pool in the gym. She has now acquired a grayish pallor and begins talking in strange and unnatural noises. Layhe comes down there after freeing Weezie and her mother from a smoke-filled room. He confronts Louise, knowing that she is possessed, and the battle it out "Exorcist" style. He wins -- sort of. He catches fire like the other victims and then calmly, his arms aflame and spread out, backs into the swimming pool and falls in. The pool catches fire as though the water were coated with gasoline, but the flames quickly disappear. So does Layhe's body. It leaves the entire series of incidents a total mystery to all involved.

Han ~ a Haiku

Damned reluctant knight:
Prowess proven hides apace
Rough exterior.

FORCE TEN

A PERSPECTIVE

--KELLY HILL

At least once in every actor's career there comes a project that he would dearly love to hire gypsies to come in the dead of night and steal. There is no shame in this -- actors are human like everyone else and prone to mistakes, much as the public would like to deify them. It's refreshing to know that public heroes are still capable of blowing it royally on occasion and still are able to bounce back, keep going and not look back.

Force 10 from Navarone was first an excellent, thrill-packed tale of espionage by one of the master writers of the genre, Alistair McLean. When I heard the film was being planned I went to the local library, borrowed their copy and sat up till the wee hours reading it. It whetted my appetite for more, and I looked forward all the more eagerly to the project.

I don't know who was in charge of the film at the beginning, but obviously neither he nor the writer he hired bothered to read the novel. Aside from the two main characters, Mallory and Miller (the latter drastically changed from the character in the book), only the title is left of the original. The characterizations are one-dimensional, the direction uneven, and the writing at times very awkward and stilted.

It's very hard to overcome such handicaps when you're one of the key players, and sometimes even fine actors the caliber of Robert Shaw, Harrison Ford, and Edward Fox flounder in the morass. But they manage to succeed, in spite of directional and script interference, often enough and delightfully enough to make up for the rest of the film's flaws. Academy Award material it isn't, but I subject myself to nothing five or six times unless I enjoy it.

The two-fold plot, throwing Lt. Col. Barnsby (Harrison Ford) and his team of commandos in with Maj. Mallory and Sgt. Miller (Robert Shaw and Edward Fox), British demolitions experts, concerns the destruction of a bridge vital to the German invasion of Yugoslavia, and a planned assasination of a traitor in hiding. Barnsby, while a capable, efficient officer and a skilled commando, was never cut out to be a spy, and more than once finds himself in Mallory's debt for saving his life with some quick thinking and even faster talking. It takes time and effort on both their parts, but before too long some of the abrasiveness fades and they combine talents to bring both halves of the mission to a successful conclusion.

Ford's performance is at its best when he's striking sparks off Robert Shaw. One particular scene delighted me: Mallory and Barnsby are being trailed by Cetniks (German-sympathizing Yugoslavs), and with Mallory as the decoy, Barnsby does some fancy shooting to kill their trackers. When complimented by Mallory, he shrugs, and with a cocky half-smile says, "Coulda been luck." He walks off grinning and Mallory follows shaking his head.

This is one of the rare moments in the film where Ford is allowed a little leeway by the director to make something more of his character than a cardboard cutout in GI uniform. Via Heroes in particular we've been privy to performances that would have made any actor proud. It's regrettable that this portrayal wasn't allowed, for whatever reason, to develop to full potential. That flash of humor on Barnsby's part was wonderful and only once or twice more were we allowed to see it.

There are a lot of misakes in the film, to be sure, but only a few are really painful. Now and then there is an unintentional visual pun (I assume they were unintentional; I can't see the actors doing them deliberately). One is the expression on Barnsby's face as he and a couple of his men are sitting in a truck in the German supply depot and he's certain something is wrong. The look stops just short of a visual "Oy vey!" and is priceless, if totally out of character. The best of these puns is delivered, not by an actor, but by a horse. Did anyone notice what the horse on the left was doing as it carried one of the Cetnik bodies through the gate?

There was an excess of violence on occasion that jarred against the grain of the film. I personally could have done without the decapitation of the German officer and Drajak's sadistic beating of Mariska. Good moments aside, much of the acting was uninspired. But there was plenty of action, some fine special effects, an abundance of breathtaking scenery (geographical and physical), and the good moments, particularly the scene in the German depot where Miller confronts the guard, make it well worth the admission price in my opinion. And it's nice to know that we mortals don't have a corner on the mistake department.

I believe this is where I came in .....

SOLO SONG

PAT CARPENTER

WAS I EVER THAT YOUNG?
DID MY EYES SHINE LIKE THE BOY'S?
WAS THE GALAXY MY PLAYGROUND
AND THE STARS MY BRIGHT TOYS?
WHEN DID IT ALL HAPPEN?
WHAT BECAME OF MY SCHEMES
WHEN I FELT THAT JUST THE WANTING
WOULD ACHIEVE ALL MY DREAMS?

THERE'S A SPACELANE WAITING FOR ME.
REV MY ENGINES TO GO.
I'VE GOT NO ONE TO ANSWER
AND MY TIME IS MY OWN.
STRAP MYSELF IN FOR TAKE-OFF --
I DON'T REALLY WANT TO KNOW --
THE FALCON IS MY HAVEN
AND I'LL FLY ALONE.

DID I EVER LOVE ONE
AS MUCH AS LUKE LOVES THE GIRL?
DID I THINK JUST SAYING THE WORDS
MADE A WOMAN'S HEART UNFURL?
WHEN DID MY ROMANCES
GIVE WAY TO ONE NIGHT STANDS,
MY HEART UNRESPONSIVE
TO THE WARMTH IN MY HANDS?

THERE'S A SPACELANE WAITING FOR ME.
REV MY ENGINES TO GO.
I'VE GOT NO ONE TO ANSWER
AND MY TIME IS MY OWN.
STRAP MYSELF IN FOR TAKE-OFF --
I DON'T REALLY WANT TO KNOW --
LOVE IS FAR TOO PAINFUL
AND I'LL SLEEP ALONE.

WHAT CAUSED ME TO LOSE FAITH
IN MYSELF AND IN MANKIND?
WHEN DID I LEAVE CAUSES
AND A SENSE OF HONOR BEHIND?
DO LUKE AND LEIA SENSE THE VACUUM
THAT ONCE WAS MY SOUL
BEFORE I GAVE UP FIGHTING
THINGS BEYOND MY CONTROL?

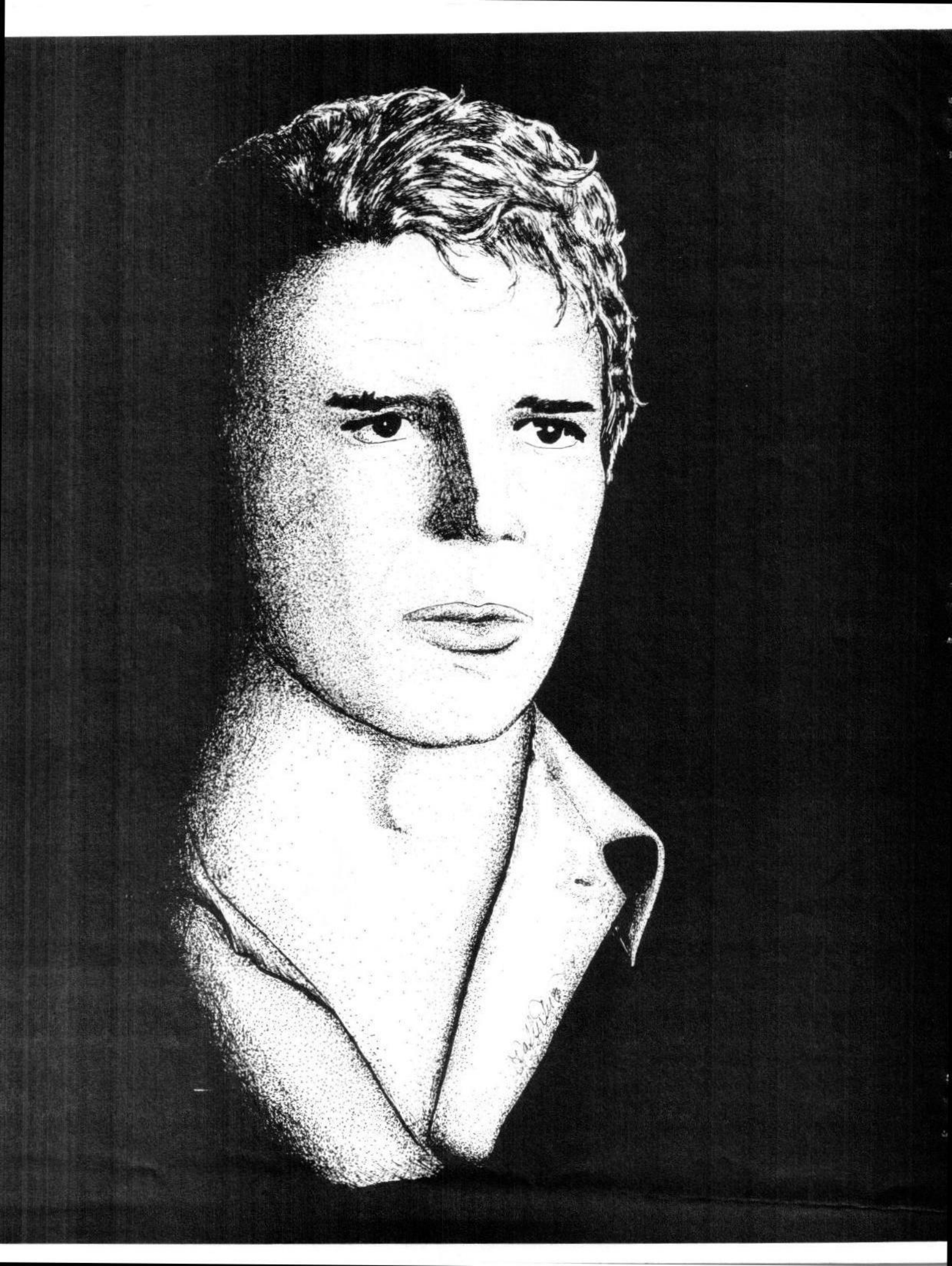
THERE'S A SPACELANE WAITING FOR ME.
REV MY ENGINES TO GO.
I'VE GOT NO ONE TO ANSWER
AND MY TIME IS MY OWN.
STRAP MYSELF IN FOR TAKE-OFF --
I DON'T REALLY WANT TO KNOW --
MY BLASTER IS MY CONSCIENCE
AND I'LL LIVE ALONE.

WHY DON'T I FEAR THE HAZARDS
OF STARK LASER FIRE?
HAVE I LOST ALL SENSE OF LIVING
IN MY SELFISH DESIRE?
WHY DOESN'T DEATH SCARE ME?
HAS IT ALL BECOME A GAME
WHERE THE WINNING OR THE LOSING
STRIKE ME BOTH AS THE SAME?

THERE'S A SPACELANE WAITING FOR ME.
REV MY ENGINES TO GO.
I'VE GOT NO ONE TO ANSWER
AND MY TIME IS MY OWN.
STRAP MYSELF IN FOR TAKE-OFF --
I DON'T REALLY WANT TO KNOW --
I'LL FIGHT THEIR DAMN REBELLION
BUT I'LL DIE ALONE ...

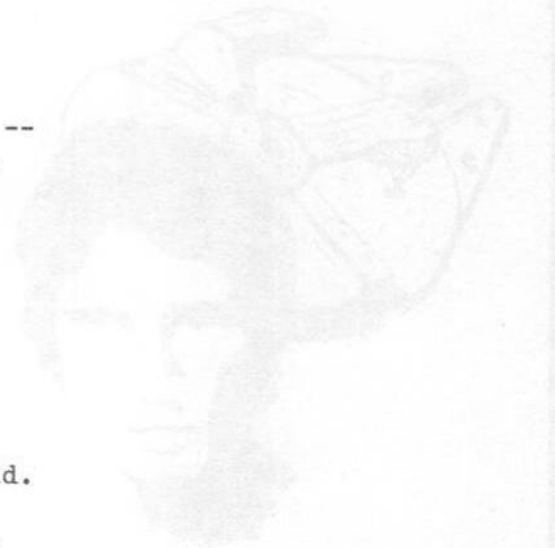
ALONE.

Raffertys 79



SHADOWS

-- Jane Firmstone



Shadows ...
Like clouds they form shapes --
Ships, mountains, dragons ...
Oriental dragons ...
Vietnamese dragons.

Why did you come back?
The dreams were dead,
And I had nearly forgotten
That there could be more.
Why do you revive them now?

Nights are the worst, you said.
Darkness waits like a tiger,
Bringing memories of horrors.
I can blank out the days
But the nights close in on me.

The war is over, behind us,
Yet it is always there.
Our friends died before our eyes.
Hear the screaming, cover your ears --
But you will never get away.

You were taken in and healed.
I was honored and then ignored.
They gave you a straitjacket,
They gave me a medal.
Both wounded, only one cared for.

You left the hospital
And you run toward happiness.
I can no longer run
Nor do I care to try.
No bitterness now, just -- nothing.

The gun is real, the only real thing left.
I hold it closer and lean back
To become one with the shadows.
I am a shadow, without substance or hope.
Perhaps in them I will find peace.

Letters of Comment

Pat Carpenter, 8588 Harold Dr., Berkeley, MO., 63134

A few weeks ago I was lucky enough to catch the sneak preview of HF's new film "Hanover Street" -- God only knows what they may call it when it's finally released. ((we haven't heard of any name change))

In the early going of the movie there was a certain sequence that left the viewer wondering precisely how our hero and heroine got from one bit of action to the next, and, at times, the movie seemed dated (as if it really was turned out in 1943) but it was a refreshing change to see Ford doing a romantic role.

I was particularly impressed with the love scenes: very lyrically done, with nudity and passion implied rather than graphically portrayed.

Without giving away the solution of the plot, it seemed to me that the thrust of the film was that heroism lies more in our relationships with the rest of the human race than in any grandiose act of valor.

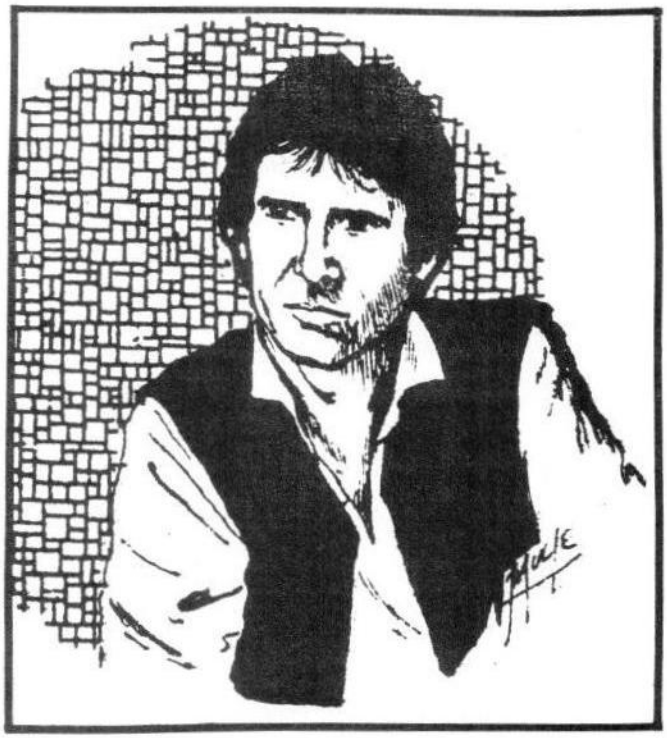
While the movie will never go down in cinematic history, I believe it is an important developement in Harrison Ford's career.

Catherine Strand, 512 Miami, Leavenworth, Kan., 66048

By admitted fact if your are reading this you are a FordFen, so I won't go into gooey details on just how, when and where I personally decided the guy is a pretty good actor besides having a rather nice body. Suffice to say I have been enjoying the man's acting since "American Gaffiti". "Star Wars" was the clincher and my favorite to date, but then I haven't seen "Hanover Street" or "No Knife". Which reminds me of something ...

Obviously after the impact of SW all the actors had to be careful of typecasting. I am sure they were deluged with a variety of ridiculous offers and had to choose accordingly. HF appears to have been very busy since SW doing a variety of pictures, but two have him portraying flyers. I don't know what flying sequences there are in "Hanover Street" but "Force 10 from Navarone" was suspicious. (The picture wasn't super fantastic, but Robert Shaw and HF gave enjoyable performances) "No Knife" will bring HF back to light comedy after having done adventure drama, romantic drama, and heavy drama. I think that he has chosen wisely in protecting his career before returning to SW for the sequel, and besides, being as busy as he was gave us all that many more opportunities to see him.

By the way, has anyone else seen the Han Solo Mutant Clone on "Jason of Star Command" ???



COMING FROM *Hanover Press*

FACETS 2

A

HANOVER STREET

SPECIAL

Cover by Paulie Gilmore, with original art by Martynn, J. Rafferty, and Susan W. Perry. Contents will include photographs, reviews, poetry, synopsis and movie facts as well as our regular features: the cartoon contest, marketplace, and letters of comment.

Submissions are needed and welcomed.

Tentative publication date: August 1. Send s.a.s.e. for price and availability to:

FACETS
Jane Firmstone, Kelly Hill
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Kalamazoo, Mich. 49009

Hill '79